

## Lab Cat (A Short Concept Story)

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## Lab Cat (A Short Concept Story)

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### Summary

Scientists create a cat girl, but in the process, they create people who are in constant mental hell.

A man is given money to test one in a new environment. He also isn't into cat girls.

## Prologue

“I wish cat girls were real.”

“Haha, I know, right?”

“Dude...wouldn't it be funny if we, like, made them? I mean...we're scientists, right?”

“Breeding between different species is very experimental, I don't think we'd like the results. And the ethics...”

“But what if, man?”

“You're thinking of meddling with something you don't understand, sir.”

“What if we become famous?”

“What if they find out, and we're arrested? Do you know the kinds of things we can create? The...freaks?”

“Mistakes are very common in the scientific industry. Come on, man, think of the fame! The fortune! The...the cute little ears they could have!”

“...fine. Fuck it.”

## Lab Cat

There was a knock at the door. I went up and opened it, and saw one of my friends, and someone else behind him.

“Hey, man, what’s up?” I said.

“Hey, uh, can you please help us with an, uh, experiment?” He asked.

“What kind?” I questioned.

“Uh...human.” He responded, nervously.

“Sure...I am getting paid, though, right?” I asked.

“Yes, yes, of course.” He reassured me.

“So, what’s the subject?” I asked.

A pause.

“A human combined with elements of a feline.” He said.

“So, you made a cat girl.” I said, sighing, losing all of the excitement in my voice.

“Not necessarily.” He said, trying to win me back.

“You just want me to keep it at my house, and you’ll pay me?” I clarified.

“Yes.” He said, stepping away, and finally letting the person behind him be seen.

It was a human in every sense of the word. The only physical difference were cat ears coming out from it’s hair, making her hair look disheveled and unnatural. It looked very nervous and fragile, and it made me want to vomit.

“Are you my new master?” She asked me, walking into my house.

“Dear god.” I muttered under my breath.

“Just say yes.” My friend said. I closed the door on him, and he started to leave.

“I...I guess?” I answered.

“Okay, good! I need a master!” She said, overenthusiastically.

“M...master?” She asked, nervously, looking away, and blushing.

“Yeah, what?” I asked, trying to act the least annoyed I could.

“Can I...use the bathroom?” She asked.

“Yeah, you don’t have to ask me permission either.” I said.

“W...what?” She said, terrified.

“You don’t gotta ask. You can do it on your own.” I said.

She looked away from me, horrified. These people’s brains have been messed with beyond repair. They were too sensitive and needy to ever be able to leave the house and think for themselves.

Maybe that’s what these sick people wanted.

After she made her way back from the bathroom, she sat on the couch, and laid in an overly sexual position.

“I hope I didn’t take too long...I hope you’re not mad at me or anything.” She said.

“You’re fine.” I sighed.

“Can I drink water?” She questioned.

“Listen, I feel incredibly wrong giving you commands. Just...do whatever you want. Please.” I said, disgusted with everything.

She suddenly walked off, seemingly losing all emotion. I watched where she was going. She was going into my shed.

“How do you unlock this?” She questioned, as if a normal person, completely different from the creature I was talking to, not even a minute ago.

“Uh, here’s the keys. What exactly are you doing?” I asked, watching her fiddle with the lock. “Finding either a rope or a gun.” She said, opening the door.

I suddenly found myself in a sprint, rushing towards her.

“NO, PLEASE.” I said, my mind clocking into extreme overdrive, making sure to guard her from everything, gently but firmly pushing her out, and relocking the door.

“I thought you said I could do what I wanted?” She questioned.

“You are NOT doing THAT.” I said, terrified from experience.

“I just feel like complete shit when I’m not taking orders.” She admitted, with a sigh.

“What did they do with you? In that lab? They messed with your mind, right?” I asked.

“I...I think so?” She said, struggling.

“You can stop if it hurts to think back on.” I said.

“They...they were making me take orders...it was all I did...I...I couldn’t do anything by myself, a-and, I c-can’t...” She said, breaking.

“Just breathe. You’ll be okay.” I reassured her.

A pause.

“It’s so hard to m-move on once you’ve s-started.” She said.

Another pause.

“They make m-me need them. I feel worthless without th-them.” She said, trying to calm down.

“Well, you don’t need to listen to them. I...I know it’s hard. With abusive, manipulative people. I...I’m going to help you. They’re not going to take you back. Okay?” I asked her, sternly.

She frantically nodded, tears suddenly rolling down her cheeks.

“I’m gonna help you understand how to live your own life again. How to be happy again.”

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